THE WASP.

By Robert Rusticoat, Esquire.

Vol. I.] *"To lash the Rascals naked through the world."* [No. 7.

HUDSON, SEPTEMBER 9, 1802.

HOLT, in the true style of a quibbler, last week mentioned the business of Callender. He dare not meet the accusation openly and like a man. The accusation was explicitly defined—"Mr. Jefferson paid one hundred dollars to Callender for libelling George Washington and John Adams." Holt first admits the truth, and endeavors to prove it *charity*. Finding in the transaction, all the ingredients of iniquity, and not one colour of charity, what does he then do? Why he virtually calls Duane, Cheetham, Blake, Smith and Jones, who admit the fact, fools, and pointedly denies it. To make us believe the story a fabrication, he has attacked Callender *pugnis et calcibus*. His object is to prove that Callender is not to be credited. How is this done? Why he says, [will the world believe it] that Callender once said Duane was a good man, and an excellent republican, but that he now says Duane is a knave, a thief and a breaker open of letters. Alas! Mr. Holt, what an unfortunate editor you are. You made your debut in a most unmerciful and violent attack upon Sec. Dearborn and his "seven" relations now in office. Your second number, upon the most accurate calculation, contained "more or less" of nothing. In all this there is nothing criminal, for so far you undoubtedly did as well as your poor head would permit. But in your third number, what have you done? Unfortunate man! you have most violently butchered your own veracity;—for the same method of argument by which you have condemned Callender, will inevitably destroy all your pretentions to credibility.

About the time of Callender's trial, you printed a paper in New-London—In that paper Callender was extolled to the skies. He was then an "excellent republican," "a virtuous man," "a good citizen" "a suffering patriot." I have not a file of your papers, but I well recollect the above; and you dare not—you are challenged to deny it. You now declare him a liar, a caitiff, a vile wretch, and a man not to be credited. How then does the business stand? Your argument is this.—Callender once called Duane an honest "able editor"—he now calls Duane a blackguard, and a villain—ergo, Callender is a liar, and "not to be credited." Then, sir, my argument is this—"Holt always, until very lately, extolled Callender as a good "republican, a good citizen, a suffering patriot." Holt now calls him a liar, a caitiff, an ingrate—ergo, Holt is a . . . and "a man not to be credited." O! Mr. Holt, what an unfortunate editor you are. In attempting most clumsily to butcher Callender, you have committed a *felo de se*—you have arraigned, accused and convicted your own character. Let the public seal your sentence. If there is a thing on earth to be pitied, it is a miser-"*able editor*," constantly tumbling into the mire; and whose every struggle, but sinks him the deeper.

R. RUSTICOAT, ESQUIRE.

SOME witty dog, lately from Washington, has, in Holt's two last Bees, reported an impeachment of Thomas Jefferson, by the United States. We have no doubt that Thomas Jefferson will end his presidential career in this way. The good sense of the country is every where resuming its empire. And Jefferson must soon meet the same fate with all demagogues, who by deception, and bribery, through meanness and depravity, have raised themselves on the shoulders of the people.—But people are wondering what singular genius could have written this *witty report*, which Holt has published. Some would pretend to believe that it was the attorney general himself—or at least his "limber limbed" boy.—Some think, however, from the stile, and the circumstance that he only has of late from this vicinity visited Washington, that old Solomon was the reporter. Some, however, declare in favor

of the "larned Gooſy Johnny."—I am of the opinion that Holt himſelf was the author, and that he took for his model a report which he formerly publiſhed, entitled—"The trial of Charles Holt, for lying and ſedition, for ſlandering and defaming almoſt all the virtue in the country." Now whether it was the Attorney General, his "limber-boy," old Solomon, Gooſy Johnny, or Holt himſelf, I do not know. But this I do know—that no man, with or without common ſenſe, can read the pitiful production, without compaſſionating its frivolous author, and ſighing for the ſtupid abſurdities into which the frail creatures of God will ſometimes wander.

N. B. We ſhall ſoon preſent to the public the trial of Thomas Jefferſon at a different tribunal—the tribunal of his own conſcience—Decency, truth and patriotiſm are the accuſers, the genius of Columbia the Attorney General—And the ſacred ſhades of thoſe heroes who bled for our freedom, and who are gone to their reward, with the injured Waſhington at their head, are the Witneſſes.

FOR THE WASP.

ABRAHAM BISHOP.

"THERE ſometimes appear men formed with "ſuch unhappy diſpoſitions, that we are led to conſi- "der them in no other view than as emanations from "the evil genius, bereſt by the avenging God of the "power of doing good. Weak in the ſphere of wiſ- "dom, ſuch men are only efficient in the arts of vice "and deſtruction; they are ingenious in thoſe concep- "tions, ſkilful in that cunning, and daring in thoſe "meaſures which render them more hideous and fearful "in the ſchools of falſhood, depravity and wickedneſs. "In the den of conſpirators, theſe men are pre-emi- "nent by the atrocity of their deeds; they excel in the "arts of preparing inſurrections and of combining "the downfall of the altar with that of order. If their "career be ever impeded, it is only when they ap- "proach the paths of virtue and of real ſcience. When "Heaven, in its wrath, permits a being of this ſpecies "to appear on the earth, it has only to put individuals "within the ſphere of his activity and it will be awful- "ly avenged.

"With ſuch qualities, and under ſuch auſpices, "was born in New-Haven, about the year —— *Abra- "ham Biſhop*, better known in the annals of Jacobin- "iſm, by the name of "*the Orator of Deluſion.*" To "the eternal ſhame of Thomas Jefferſon, this impious "wretch, heretofore clerk of the Court in New-Haven "but expelled from that office, as a traitor to his God, "to his country and to the whole univerſe, peacefully, "in the city of New-Haven, enjoys an aſylum, is "ſupported, from the public treaſury, and is dignifi- "with the title of Collector of the Revenue. An odi- "ous phenomenon in nature—an atheiſt, void of re- "morſe—a profound hypocrite, deſtitute of thoſe ſu- "perior talents which lead to the vindication of truth, "he is poſſeſſed of all that cunning and ardor in vice, "which renders him a fit tool in the hands of conſpi- "rators, demagogues and traitors. Shunning, like "the ill-boding owl, the genial rays of the ſun, he "wraps around him the mantle of darkneſs; and hiſto- "ry ſhall record of him, as of the evil ſpirit, only the "black deeds which he attempted to execute."

If ever there was an accurate deſcription of Abraham Biſhop, it is the above. And this wretch is the preſent preacher of atheiſm and democracy, in Connecticut, ſo highly extolled by Holt and other atheiſtical editors. For an account of his vagrant life, the reader is referred to a late Connecticut Courant. Biſhop has lately received a moſt unmerciful laceration from the pen of his brother Cheetham. Cheetham charged Abraham with being the tool of Col. Burr, and at the ſame time told him he was ſuch a booby as not to know it. Abraham denied it, and tried his beſt to be witty. Cheetham replied, and handled him a little too roughly. The ſmarting Abraham ſoon produced another vindication. Cheetham then came out in all his rage, and in the twinkling of an eye, knocked poor Abraham ſtiff. Cheetham abſolutely proved him a quibbler, a blockhead, a dupe and a liar. And the affrighted, quivering Abraham, now ſtands groaning in all the pains which rage, diſappointment, diſgrace and a moſt ſevere flogging, can produce. If any one doubts this, let him view the whole wire-drawn controverſy in the Citizen. This ſame *wretch* has lately publiſhed a moſt miſerable and deteſtable attack upon the clergy, and upon chriſtianity itſelf. Ignorance, anger, and puerility are ſtamped on every page of it. Sometimes he will be talking very calmly about America—when, all at once "Bedlam is let out," and Abraham takes a moſt furious excurſion. He ruſhes like a hurricane through the dark ages—makes a moſt violent onſet upon the religion of Mahomet—pours himſelf headlong upon the Polytheiſm of the ancients—ranges like a whirlwind thro' the hiſtory of the Jews—finally takes his ſtand at the chriſtian era, and makes a moſt ſerious attempt to demonſtrate that Paul of Tarſus was a Deiſt, a Democrat, and preciſely of his way of thinking.

O Abra'm Biſhop! Abra'm Biſhop O!

FOR THE WASP.

IN the abominable Bumble Bee, No. 3, I perceive that the editor has beſtowed ſome handſome encomiums on Mr. Biſhop, and his "Conſpiracy &c."—In the courſe of theſe encomiums, the editor ſays, that "unfounded ſcurrilous attacks, however falſe or venomous, will never provoke notice or reply from him (meaning Mr. Biſhop) who is (and then to diſplay his learning comes an extract from Shakeſpeare)

> "So thoroughly armed with honesty,
> That they pass by him as the idle wind,
> Which he regardeth not."

Now is this not enough to extort laughter from a ſtoic?—Abraham Biſhop armed with honeſty! Why Holt you may as well look for religion in H—g-te,* or morality among a ſet of Bacchanalians, as for the leaſt ſhadow of honeſty about that fellow. Have you forgot the blunder you made by introducing the Lord Falmouth Dialogue? And has your zeal for Biſhop or the rapidity of your imagination, hurried you into another? Really, Mr. Holt, this terrible inſect of your's has turned out a mere Bumble-Bee, and I fear will ſoon become an impertinent fly, that lights on democratic diſhes, and quits them with leaving naught but its excrements behind.

CAUTION.

**Mr. Holt can ſupply the letters wanting if he chooſes.*

HOLT ſays, the burden of the Federal ſong is, that Mr. Jefferſon paid Callender for writing againſt the late adminiſtration. This is wholly falſe. The charge is explicitly this:—Jefferſon paid Callender for calling Waſhington a traitor, a robber, and a perjurer—For calling Adams, a hoary headed incendiary; and for moſt groſsly ſlandering the private characters of men, who, he well knew were virtuous. Theſe charges, not a democratic editor has yet dared, or ever will dare to meet in an open manly diſcuſſion.

"THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!"

ON one ſide of Holt's paper you will find nothing but whining and pining—ſnivelling and groaning about *Money! Money!*—On the other, nothing but ſnarling and ſnapping, and growling about "*the Golden Elixir of Federaliſm*" Envy dictates all this.—Three fourths of your noiſy, gabbling, ſelf-made "republicans," would ſell their ears for an half an ounce of "*Golden Elixir.*"

THE poetry in Holt's laſt Bee reſembles Mitchell's proem. The "*warm* tints," the "lips," and the "tranquil pleaſure" of a roſe;—"Hope's ſunny ſmile," &c.—Theſe are new inventions, Mr. Holt—new figures, I ſuppoſe—or what the deuce are they?

HOLT has prefixed the following lines, as a motto, at the top of his Hudſon paragraphs:—

> "Swift as occasion, I myself will fly;
> And earlier than the morn wake thee to freedom."

I don't know where Holt picked up theſe appropriate and elegant lines; but as he has encloſed them in marks of quotation, it is natural to conclude he did not make them—he will not therefore take offence, if I beſtow ſome little attention on them.

Swift as occaſion—] Some *occaſions* puſh people very rapidly.—The greater part of our democratic editors, have had frequent *occaſion* to fly from an ugly ſet of men called Sheriffs, &c.—Duane and Cheetham had very preſſing *occaſions* to fly from their country, and Holt and Mitchell left Connecticut, on account of ſome particular *occaſions*.

I myſelf—] Why not *I by myſelf I?*

Will fly—] This has reference to the *Bee*, for Holt will never *fly*, (unleſs it is from juſtice)—he would as ſoon think of telling the truth, as of *flying*.

Earlier than the morn—] This muſt be about *midnight*—a time when jacobins are much prone to be abroad.——Citizens, look out!

Wake thee to freedom—]Aye! many a ſober citizen has been awoke from his midnight ſlumbers, by the freedom, noiſe and riot of half and whole drunken democrats, diſperſing from their dens of ſedition and miſchief.

From the Centinel of Freedom, printed at Newark, by Pennington and Gould.

"We have received the firſt number of the BEE, publiſhed at Hudſon in the ſtate of N. York, by Mr. Holt. The favorable auſpices under which Mr. Holt has commenced at that place will, we hope, enſure him ſucceſs proportionate to his meritorious abilities, and the firmneſs with which he has ſupported the cauſe; the perſecutions which he has experienced in his own ſtate through federal vengeance, and the inſufficiency of patronage, owing to the languid ſtate of republicaniſm, has operated as inducements for him to leave that ſoil, and take a reſidence where the vegetation and fragrance of the republican plant will afford him and his family, a bounteful ſuſtenance."

Pennington and Gould, muſt be a brace of ſtupid blockheads to publiſh ſuch a paragraph as this, and then ſend their paper to a place where Mr. Holt's "meritorious abilities" and the "favorable auſpices" under which he commences are well known.—Now Holt "bluſhes like a black cat,"

whenever any lying democrat, who is unacquainted with him, undertakes to compliment him about his *abilities*.—For his own part he never lays any claim to that anti-Jacobin commodity, called *ability*; and nobody that is acquainted with him would preſume to accuſe him of poſſeſſing any of it.—Under what "favorable auſpices" does Holt commence at this place? Why, a purſe, of from 500 to 1000 dollars has been made up for him—and this, no doubt, "will afford him and his family (as long as it laſts) a bountiful ſuſtenance."

The above-mentioned *Centinel* of *Freedom*, is iſſued on paper made of currier's ſhavings, or ſhavings of leather; and I cannot but remark how well its appearance and quality correſpond with its *leather-headed, ſheep-ſkin* editors.—Duane ought to print on adder's ſkins—Cheetham on muſk-rat's ſkins—Holt on aſſes' ſkins—the man of the Sun on goat ſkins—and Mitchell ought to have a cow-ſkin imprinted on his own hide.

ALLITERATION!—TROPES!—FIGURES, &c. &c. &c.

IN the *Rhode-Iſland Republican*, among half a dozen columns of democratic argument and erudition, which the editor ſays, "merit a diligent peruſal," I find the following wonderful paſſage:—

"Nobles, villains, and vaſſals; prejudice, paſſion and private intereſt, *warp on the wind*, like the Egyptian hoſt of *toads* and locuſts, and form a canopy under which it is evident he [ſomebody] hoped to recline."

This paſſage, it muſt be acknowledged, "merits a diligent peruſal."—Who, except a Rhode-Iſland democrat, would have tho't of a hoſt of *toads*, warping on the wind, and forming a canopy?—Mr. Jefferſon is a tolerable hand at metaphor——but this Rhode-Iſlander beats him out and out.——Aye! Mr. Jefferſon, to him, is no more than a whortleberry in a mammoth's—mouth.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

An extract, communicated by an obliging "Customer," to be inſerted in my "uſeful, abuſive paper," may be very well in its place, but it will not do for the Wasp—beſides, I have no inclination to peddle other people's wares.—None but original matter can be admitted.

Sundry communications are unavoidably omitted.

THE FELLOW-LABORERS.——*A TALE.*

BY THE EDITOR.

TH' Attorney-General chanc'd, one day, to meet
A dirty, ragged fellow in the ſtreet—
A noiſy ſwagg'ring beaſt,
With rum, half drunk, at leaſt.
Th' Attorney, too, was drunk—but not with grog—
Power and pride had ſet his head agog.

The clown approach'd him with familiar air—
Before him made a ſtand,
And eager ſeiz'd his hand—
Th' Attorney ſtrait in wonder 'gan to ſtare.

"All hail! your honor!" quoth the clown—
"I knew we'd gain our glorious cauſe—
"We've wrote the curſed fed'rals down,
"In ſpite of their ſedition laws."

"We! and Our!" quoth th' Attorney, "who are you?
"Your face before, I'm ſure I never knew."
"Not know me, by my ſoul,
"Indeed, that's wond'rous droll—
"We're fellow lab'rers for the common good."
"How fellow lab'rers, pray?"
(The Attorney ſeem'd to ſay)
While, madly frowning on the clown, he ſtood.

"Why ſaid the fellow, with a ſmile,
"You weekly in the paper toil—
"Condemn the old adminiſtration,
"And do your beſt to "ſave the nation"—
"While I, with juſt the ſame pretences,
"Chalk '*damn the feds*' on gates and fences."

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BY HARRY CROSWELL,